

The Evening World.

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"A PERIOD OF REFLECTION."

THE London Conference has broken up and many will say that nothing has been accomplished.

In a way that is true; in another way it is not. The Allied statesmen have "agreed to disagree," as one put it; have scattered for a "period of reflection," as another suggested.

Even an agreement to disagree is an agreement of a sort. Certainly if a period of reflection follows, it is much preferable to a period of action—if action means military advance.

Granting that France disagrees with the rest of the Allies, the conference has made this clearer to the French people. They realize they are in a minority of one and that positive action against Germany will mean a break in which France takes the initiative and shoulders the responsibility.

In such a case a period of reflection may seem most desirable. Delay and indecision can only mean opportunity for the irresistible logic of events to play on the situation and strengthen the hands of the moderates.

France may still feel warlike, but not nearly so warlike as it did before it entered the series of "futile" conferences.

Police Capt. Michael Kelly does not believe that the open cabaret is the best means to "keep the boys off the street corners."

WHERE IS COLER'S COAL?

GOV. MILLER has decided to call a special session of the Legislature to deal with the coal problem. It is expected that the Legislature will give more formal authority to the Governor's Coal Commission. It is certainly to be expected that this legislation will include provisions against coal profiteering.

Chairman Outerbridge of the temporary commission appointed by Gov. Miller urged New Yorkers to save fuel. Commissioner Bird S. Coler chose this warning as a text for a diatribe, saying:

"There is ample coal and somebody has it. The speculators, however, would like to get \$25 a ton for it, and are paving the way by shouting coal shortage."

The Board of Estimate is rushing to release coal purchases from competitive bidding requirements. Commissioner Whalen is cutting down the Staten Island ferry service to save coal.

If Commissioner Coler knew what he was talking about last week, it is a proper function of his Department of Public Welfare to go out and find the coal. If Mr. Coler did not know what he was talking about, he owes an apology to Gov. Miller and Chairman Outerbridge.

Republican Senators will no longer have a monopoly of knocking the Republican tariff. The House is again in session.

TWO-VIEW GARDENS.

LANDSCAPE gardening is an old profession. There were landscape gardeners in the days of Babylon and the art has not changed greatly in thousands of years. The abbots and the nobles of the Middle Ages employed gardeners who worked out effects of massed color very similar to those we see to-day on the estates of rich merchant princes.

It remained for the city of skyscrapers to introduce an entirely new requirement into landscape gardening.

Many gardens of to-day must look as well from above as they do from the level. The small and inclosed squares such as City Hall Park, Union and Madison Squares and Bryant Park are overlooked by towering buildings. The workers in these buildings get the view vertical and give the landscape gardener a new problem.

In many of the old formal gardens the problem was to harmonize colors and select plants of differing heights so all would show. Viewed from a distance the spacing between rows of plants was less important than the heights of the plants. Broad, horizontal leaves might shade the lower blossoms without hiding the colors.

Viewed from above, such a garden might prove unattractive. The gardener in city squares must remember the view vertical.

It is only fair to say that in New York this

problem seems to have been handled competently. The grouping of foliage plants and blossoms has been arranged to please both the vertical and the horizontal observer.

MORE GOLF LINKS, PLEASE.

GOOD golf is beginning to draw as a watching sport as well as a playing sport, and this in spite of the difficulties of following the play and the impossibility of observing more than a handful of the participants in a match.

This is a sure indication of the popularization of the game. Golf used to be the old man's game and the rich man's game. It is so no longer. Sarazen, the present champion, was a caddy only a few years ago. But many another good player never has had a chance to develop his skill because initiation fees at country clubs come too high.

The remedy for this is more and better municipal golf links. Other cities are convinced of this and are making provisions. New York is lagging.

It may be that the Hyman Administration has failed to meet the demand because it still imagines golf is a game for the rich and not for the "common people" to whom it pays lip service. If so, it is in error. Many of the "common people" would like nothing better than an opportunity at the one game that is open to practically all ages and both sexes.

NEVER AGAIN.

Both the anthracite and bituminous coal strikes are on the verge of settlement. The outstanding features of the agreements are that the four and a half months of idleness in the industry have brought no material changes in the position of either party to either strike. It is perfectly evident that the strikes might better have been arbitrated before they were begun.

The operators and the miners propose an inquiry commission to find a basis for new negotiations next spring. That is their right. But nothing should prevent the formation of a Federal commission on the coal industry, not so much to investigate for new facts as to take those already well known and formulate a new plan for the regulation of the industry.

CLOVER—AND MRS. HARDING.

THE letter in which Mrs. Harding inclosed a check for \$100 for the support of Clover, the fifty-one-year-old horse of Catawissa, Pa., will serve a purpose beyond the power of money to buy in impressing upon millions of readers that "the loving God never intended dumb friends or self-sacrificing men to be consigned to mother earth merely because the most and the best of their strength has been exhausted in human service."

It was in April that the Rev. Dr. Uriah Myers of Catawissa, Pa., reluctantly told The World that his condition as a retired clergyman did not permit him to care as he would wish for Clover, a famous veteran of the turf he had owned for thirty-five years. Publication of the fact by The World on April 11 brought immediate results that placed Clover's future beyond doubt.

In passing upon Clover's claim to age unusual in a horse, veterinarians were faced by a difficulty; they had nothing with which to make comparison. The years of Dr. Myers' ownership were sure; also the old custom of not racing a horse until he was five years old. The ten years between presented the only difficulty, and they were bridged by horsemen with long memories. Clover made in state a trip from Catawissa to New York in May for the Masonic Fair; when he dies his bones are to be mounted like those of Sysonby for study; all at once he became a notable.

So the tough old Hambletonian scion, fortunate, as Mrs. Harding says, in that "failure to attain wealth has not made a cruel and inconsiderate master" of his owner, public pet and ward of generous hearts, with a White House letter among his trophies, faces the great assize of horses and men, "in human service" still as an object-lesson in mercy and thoughtfulness.

ACHES AND PAINS

With splendid self-denial the Republican tariff-makers have left ivory on the free list. The Elephant must take care of himself.

"Sugar" was long used as a phrase for "graft" before that pleasing word came into popular use.

It is stated that the life of a \$5 bill is about ten months. Not in most pockets.

Now they say Lloyd George will get enough for his memoirs to retire on. How's that for self-capitalization?

Hooch cast upon the waters sometimes returns like the proverbial bread. Here's a retired fireman hooking up a quart from the ragging Harlem. The sea is said to be full of bottles awaiting hooks, thrown overboard by nervous bootleggers.

One best bet: There will be plenty of coal this winter—at a price within the reach of all, if they stand on tip-toe and stretch a little!

JOHN KEETZ.

Dreading It!

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By John Cassel



From Evening World Readers

What kind of letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in a few words. Take time to be brief.

Wild Flower Beauty.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
An out-of-town reader-repplier, several days ago, made the criticism that "City Jays" had been gathering wild carrot blossoms.

The writer of that letter displayed great ignorance of beautiful wild flowers. Does he know that one blossom is composed of many tiny little white flowers; and that one dainty pink or dark red flower forms the center of this dainty bloom?

A bunch of these exquisitely fine flowers, with the dainty wild roses, is a perfectly beautiful combination; it is one like a color with the white.

I hope the "City Jays" have many opportunities of gathering our wild flowers, and I also hope the writer of that article will have her eyes opened to the beauties of the abused wild carrot flower.

FRANCES ELLIOTT COLLINS.
Nyack, N. Y., Aug. 9, 1922.

"Kindly Explain."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Would some one kindly explain—A thing I've given in vain—The secret of upholding high rental? For all our pleas not giving a continental.

With rows upon rows of newly built flats
And signs galore of "To Let,"
The landlords are standing pat.
"Pay up or get out," their best bet.
M. S. WECHSLER.
New York, Aug. 10, 1922.

Water and Wine.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
The writer of the letter signed "Brought Up as a Christian" doesn't know his religion. It is surprising that men will use the miracle of the changing of water into wine as an argument against Prohibition. The "argument" is a fallacy. This Christ's first miracle. He performed as proof of His divinity, and not to show whether He condemned or approved of the drinking of liquor. The context fully explains why He chose wine.

But Christ answers the Prohibition question, and all similar questions that will ever come up, in Matthew 18, 8-9: "And if thy hand or thy foot scandalize thee, cut it off and cast it from thee. It is better for thee to go into life maimed or lame than, having two hands or two feet, to be cast into everlasting fire. And if thy eye scandalize thee, pluck it out." Far better it is to "cut off" liquor and go without the momentary pleasures of drinking than, having liquor, to have the greatest source of evil, the cause of wrecked lives and wrecked homes, of misery and hell.

All through the ages we see what liquor has done. Let us now see what the absence of liquor will do. But you

don't expect a drunkard to stop drinking overnight. Deeply thinking, what has been accomplished in the first two years of such a drastic change is really marvellous. No great change, no new era in civilization ever came about overnight and without the greatest resistance. It may take at least a generation to bring about real Prohibition, but what must be done now is—ENFORCE THE LAW.

EUGENE FERRIS.
New York, Aug. 9, 1922.

The Land and the People.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I appreciate the views of your correspondent George W. Mohr in a recent issue of The Evening World. There is something wrong with a Government when a man finds himself better off in prison than when outside. The claim that any man can find employment if he wishes to is all too many not. These are times that try men's souls. There is something wrong and wretchedly wrong with conditions as we find them to-day.

Every intelligent person knows this, though he may hesitate to put his finger on the cancer that is eating the heart out of our civilization just as it did in those that preceded us. There is one remedy and only one and that is to restore the land to the people. Not put the people back on the land, but give the land back to the people. Now of all times is the time to press home the great truth we teach, the restoration of the land to the people, the justice which has been so long denied. The right to use land is nowhere questioned, but the right to hold it out of use is being openly and wisely denied. It is over this issue chiefly that the world is at war to-day. What the people need is light, light and yet more light.

JOSIE THORPE PRICE.
Inwood, L. I., Aug. 10.

The Family Expenses.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have read the interview with Dr. Anna Garland Spencer in The Evening World of Aug. 9.

If a wife contributes her half of expense money to the household finances should she bear children entirely free of pay for the inconvenience, suffering, loss of pleasure and absence from social functions for the best part of two years? The child takes its father's name, another point in favor of the husband. For all this how much ought a husband to be willing to pay?

And if childbirth results in poor health thereafter should the wife take her husband into court and arrange for a specific allowance, damages, etc., or how would Dr. Spencer arrange this?

A more general discussion of these points would be interesting.

A NEW JERSEY WOMAN.

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

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NIGHT AND DAY DOLLARS.

Put a dollar to work and it becomes your day and night servant for the rest of your life—provided, of course, you find the right job for it.

As well throw it into the street as find the wrong job, for it will leave your employ in the end anyway and give you considerable worry while it is working for you.

The intelligent man, whether he is working for himself or for somebody else, sets as many dollars to work as he can save.

Usually, if he knows but little of investments, he gives his dollar a place with the Government, which means that he and the Government become its joint employers.

The Government finds abundant things for the dollar to do, and the dollar's owner is sure of a settled income from it, which averages about four or four and a half cents every year.

Not a great deal, that four and a half cents, when you have only a hundred dollars, but quite a little sum when you have ten thousand of them.

Well invested in Government bonds or securities about which there is no doubt, your dollar will work for you night and day.

It is no stickler for hours. It never works with one eye on the clock. It never goes on strike.

Weekdays and Sundays and holidays it is piling up the interest which means independence for you by and by.

When you get that interest you can put it to work in the same place as the original dollar, and if you continue to do that you will soon be surprised to see how you are nearing independence.

The dollar that you keep in your pocket or the dollar that you spend for something that you do not need or the dollar that you foolishly lend to somebody who has a hard-luck story to tell you do no good in the world till some thrifty person gets hold of them and puts them to work.

Then they begin to build railroads and steamships and factories and to give employment to men—and the more men who are given employment the better times become and the better chance you have to get more dollars to save and set to work.

It is a sort of benignant circle, with all the little dollars going round and round, and each one of yours dropping four and a half cents into your pocket every revolution.

It is hard work to save them, of course, but the sacrifice is usually worth while.

When You Go to the Museum

ENTER—THE HORSE.

The true horse, called "Equus" by the scientists, began to trot about the earth at about the same time that man, whose age-long companion and servant he was destined to be, began to walk on two legs without trouble.

It had taken perhaps two millions of years to evolve, from the catlike original ancestor—an animal with four toes—the one-hoofed creature that took him in as a member of his family.

draws the delivery wagon with our food.

In this stage of the horse, the side-toes have entirely disappeared, and are represented only by long splints on the feet. The crowns of the horse's head are much longer. The animal's head is much larger than he had been in any earlier period.

As the skeletons in the American Museum of Natural History show, the horse was beginning to come into his own. But many thousands of years were destined to pass before man took him in as a member of his family.

Blue Law Persecution

By Dr. S. E. St. Amant

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"ON A CIVIL BASIS" (!)

Section No. 5955 of the Public Statutes of Vermont reads thus:

"A person who, between 12 o'clock Saturday night and 12 o'clock the following Sunday night, exercises any business or employment, except works of necessity and charity, or holds or resorts to a ball or dance or uses or exercises a game, sport or play or resorts to a house of entertainment for amusement or recreation, shall be fined not more than \$25."

The law of that State further provides that any person who "visits from house to house, except from motives of humanity or charity or for moral or religious edification," is to be fined! According to this statute, a church member cannot invite the clergyman to dinner without causing him to violate the law.

As in Georgia, "indecent bathing" is prohibited only on Sunday; we are left to infer that it is perfectly proper and allowable on other days. Notwithstanding the incongruity of Sunday laws with the American principles of absolute equality and entire separation of the state from the church, the judiciary of this country are endeavoring to uphold the constitutionality of these laws on the ground that they are civil, not religious.

As Cato wondered how one angel could look another angel in the face without laughing, so we are led to speculate on the mental processes of the judiciary that will render a decision against a young man because he takes a lady of his choice out riding on Sunday, as was done by a New England court, and then with a mock solemnity proceed to assert that the Sunday laws of this country "rest entirely upon a civil basis."

If the Dark Ages had only been possessed of some modern American Judge they might have disposed of their fifty million or more of martyrs on an "entirely civil basis," and thus avoided the ignominy that is necessarily attached to religious persecution.

The attempted distinction between the "civil" and the "religious" Sabbath reminds one of a certain Lord Bishop, who said to his valet:

"Oh, but you know, John, I don't swear as a Bishop, only as a man."

"That is true, Your Grace," replied the valet, "but I was thinking that when the devil comes after the man what would become of the Bishop?"

Epoch-Making BOOKS

By Thomas Bragg

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"THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS."

The epoch that was made by "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was ended by Thomas Dixon's "The Leopard's Spots."

The spell of Mrs. Stowe's genius reached from about the time of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, in 1820, to the beginning of the Hayes Administration, in 1876.

When President Hayes, full of the rapidly growing spirit of reconciliation, removed the bayonets from the South, the Anglo-Saxon began again to assert himself and to get the death grip on the throat of the situation that had so seriously threatened his civilization.

But for some time yet the great North was to remain under the hypnotic influence of Mrs. Stowe's wonderful book. It will be remembered how "Bloody Shirt" continued to wave throughout the Northern sections, how reluctantly it was that the South was credited with any desire to play fair with Republicans in general and with the freedmen in particular.

The glamour of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was still magical, and the determination about to come was to "undo the results of the war" was widely asserted and sincerely believed.

So strongly was this felt that when Hayes took the troops away from the South he was met in many quarters by curses and execrations.

Reconciliation was being its end in the Southland, but in the North the spirit that had been responsible for reconstruction was still in many places as strong as ever.

But fortunately for the South, and for the whole country, a man of genius was about to come forth. In due time he stepped before the foot-lights of the theatre of public opinion with the story of the "ten years of hell" in Dixie, and the result was on a par, so far as the suddenness and completeness of results, were concerned, with "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

In "The Leopard's Spots," Dixon, with the brush of a supreme artist, painted reconstruction as it was, showed up in masterly fashion the reign of the carpetbagger and his ebony henchmen, and no more was needed to inaugurate a new era in the feeling of the whole country.

Anglo-Saxons north of Mason and Dixon's line, realizing for the first time what they had thought to do to Anglo-Saxons south of that line, regretted the monstrous thing they had permitted their politicians to attempt and forthwith held out the hand to their brothers of the South.

From that handshake the thrill of good will went throughout the Nation, North and South began to understand each other as they had never done before; business revived in the South, confidence and credit were restored in the North, the brain and character of the Southland resumed control of affairs, civilization was saved, and for the first time since the days of Phillips and Garrison, Yancey and Tombs the country was at peace and headed for prosperity and happiness.